

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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JUNE
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DAREDEVIL™



THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

YOU REFUSED
TO *SERVE* ME,
MASKED MAN!
SO NOW--YOU
DIE!



HE'S BACK-- AND HE'S OUT FOR BLOOD!!

KILL GRAVE--
THE PURPLE MAN!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! TV

CALL HIM KILLGRAVE!

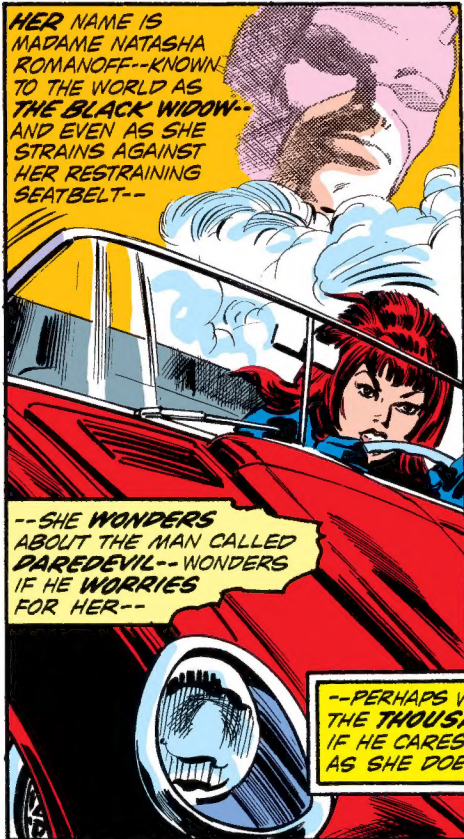
BATTLEFIELD: WIND WHIPS THROUGH GRAY AND BROWN CANYONS OF COLD MORTAR AND STONE--A BRISK **BAY** WIND, BITTER WITH THE BITE OF THE **EARLY DAWN**--DISTANT AND HOLLOW LIKE THE ECHO OF A **DESERT BREEZE**--

TWO STEEL-SHELLED FORMS **LEAP** IN THE NEW MORNING LIGHT--THEIR HOODS CATCHING THE PALE, CLOUDED **SUNLIGHT**, GLINTING AS THEY TURN DOWN EMPTY MONDAY-MORNING STREETS IN UPTOWN **SAN FRANCISCO**--

AGAIN AND AGAIN, METAL MEETS PAVEMENT--SCREECHING, WAILING--CRYING LIKE WOUNDED **SOLDIERS** CAUGHT OUT OF TIME AND PLACE--TRAPPED ON THIS URBAN BATTLEGROUND--LOST IN SOME TWISTED DETROITIAN **NIGHTMARE**--!

SKREEEEEX

STAN LEE, EDITOR / GERRY CONWAY, WRITER / GENE COLAN, ARTIST / TOM PALMER, INKER / JON COSTA, LETTERER



HER NAME IS
MADAME NATASHA
ROMANOFF--KNOWN
TO THE WORLD AS
THE BLACK WIDOW--
AND EVEN AS SHE
STRAINS AGAINST
HER RESTRAINING
SEATBELT--

--SHE **WONDERS**
ABOUT THE MAN CALLED
DAREDEVIL-- WONDERS
IF HE **WORRIES**
FOR HER--

--PERHAPS WONDERS FOR
THE **THOUSANDTH** TIME;
IF HE CARES FOR HER--
AS SHE DOES FOR HIM.



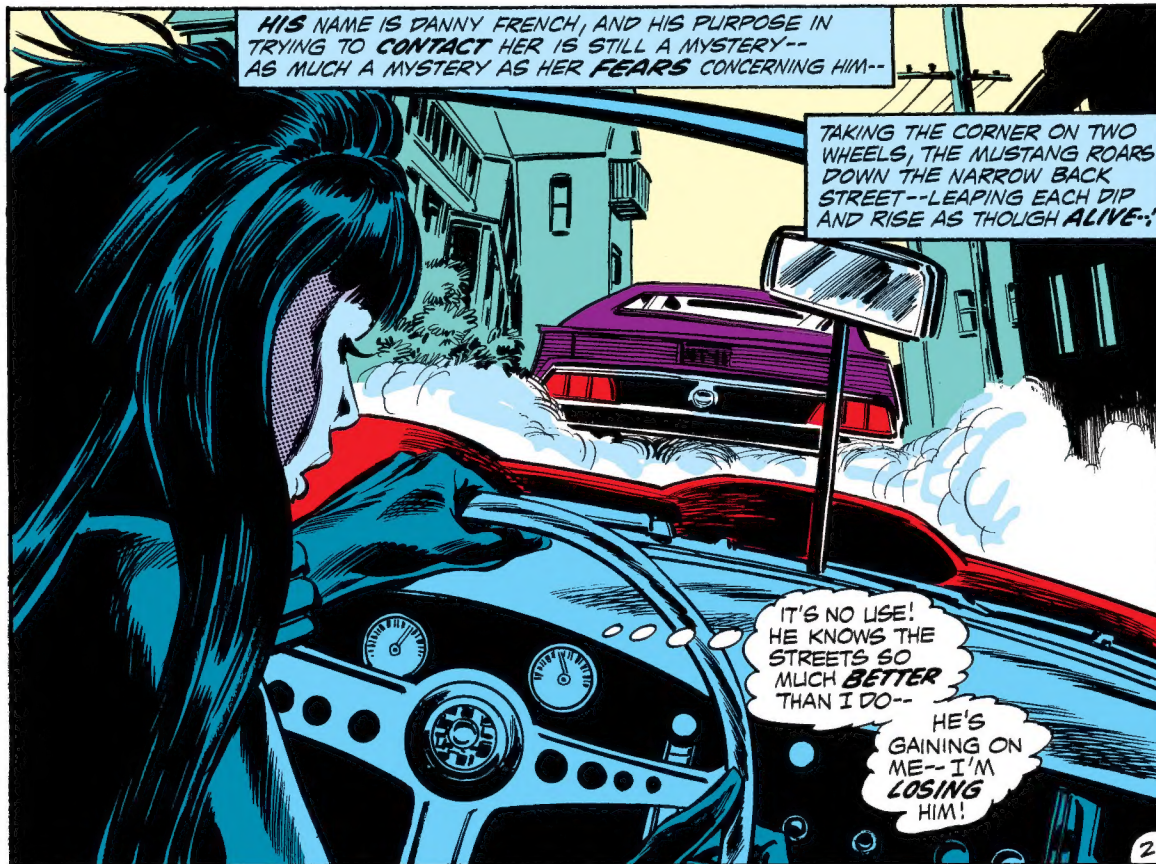
AND THEN THOSE THOUGHTS ARE **SHAT-
TERED, BROKEN**--THE THOUGHTS OF AN
INSTANT SPLIT IN TIME AND SPACE--
THOUGHTS THROWN RUDELY BACK TO THE
MOMENT AT HAND--!

HE'S GETTING
AWAY--

TAKING THAT
SIDESTREET--

--I'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM--
I'VE GOT
TO!

SCREEEE

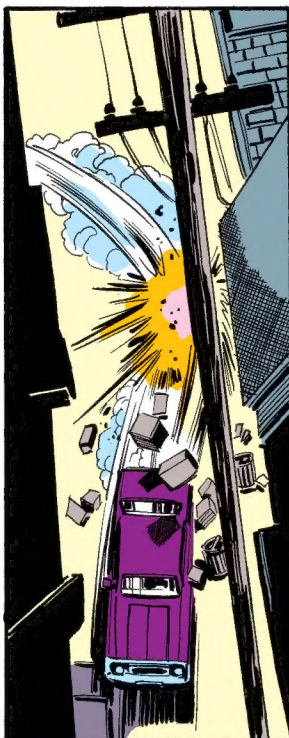


HIS NAME IS DANNY FRENCH, AND HIS PURPOSE IN
TRYING TO **CONTACT** HER IS STILL A MYSTERY--
AS MUCH A MYSTERY AS HER **FEARS** CONCERNING HIM--

TAKING THE CORNER ON TWO
WHEELS, THE MUSTANG ROARS
DOWN THE NARROW BACK
STREET--LEAPING EACH DIP
AND RISE AS THOUGH **ALIVE**--!

IT'S NO USE!
HE KNOWS THE
STREETS SO
MUCH **BETTER**
THAN I DO--

HE'S
GAINING ON
ME-- I'M
LOSING
HIM!

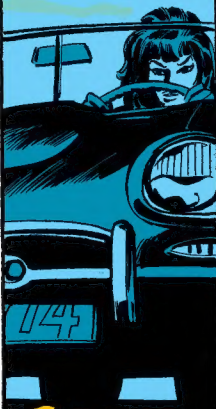


THEN, THE MUSTANG VEERS **RIGHT--**
CAREENS OFF AN ARRAY OF
CARTONS AND ASH CANS WITH
A RENDING METALLIC **CRASH--**

--AND BY THE TIME
THE WIDOW'S **XRE**
REACHES THE TOP
OF THE FOLLOWING
RISE--

THAT'S
IT...

I'VE
LOST
HIM.

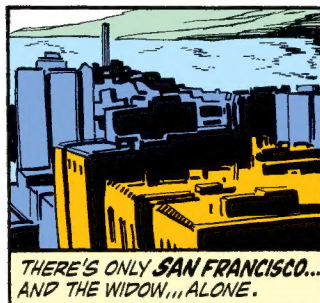


SCREEEE

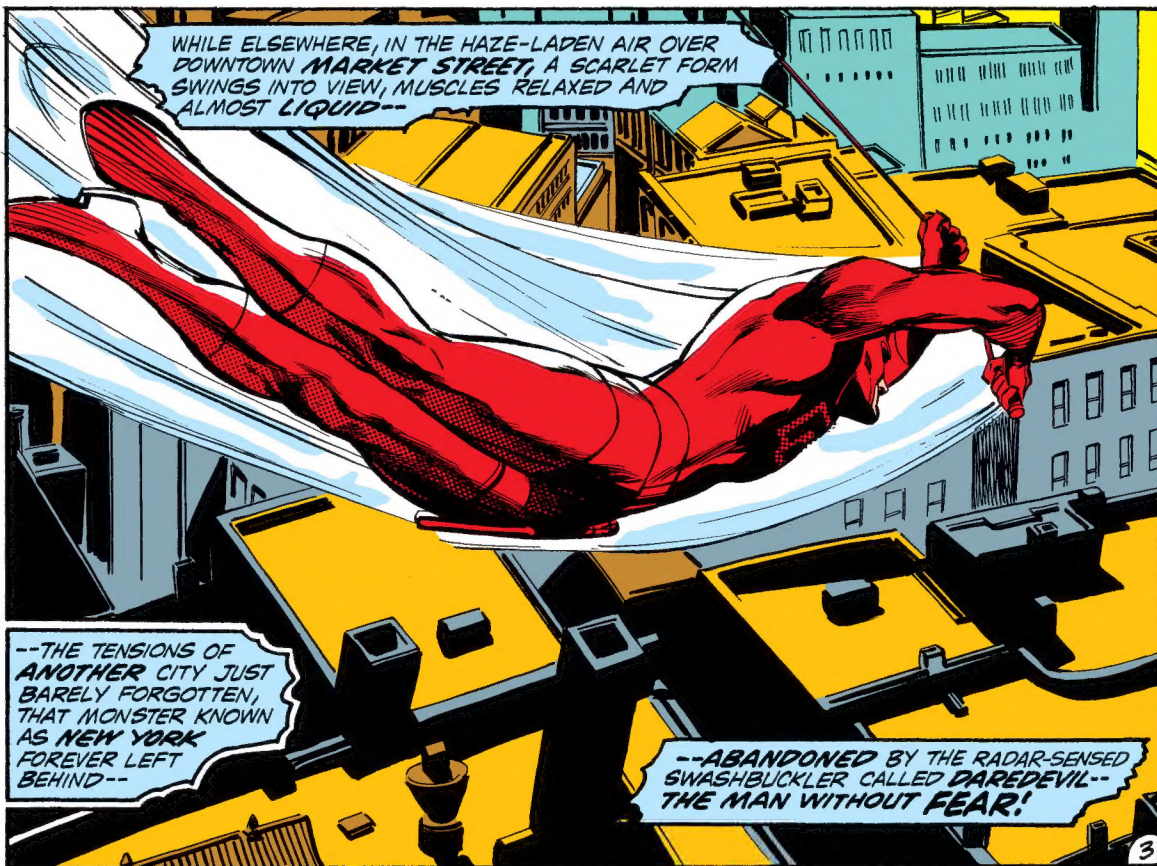
SHADING HER EYES
AGAINST THE SUN'S
GLARE, SHE PEERS
NORTH AND **SOUTH--**



BUT IN BOTH DIRECTIONS,
THERE ARE ONLY DE-
SERTEED **STREETS**, NARROW
HILLS, EMPTY ALLEYS--!



THERE'S ONLY **SAN FRANCISCO...**
AND THE WIDOW... ALONE.

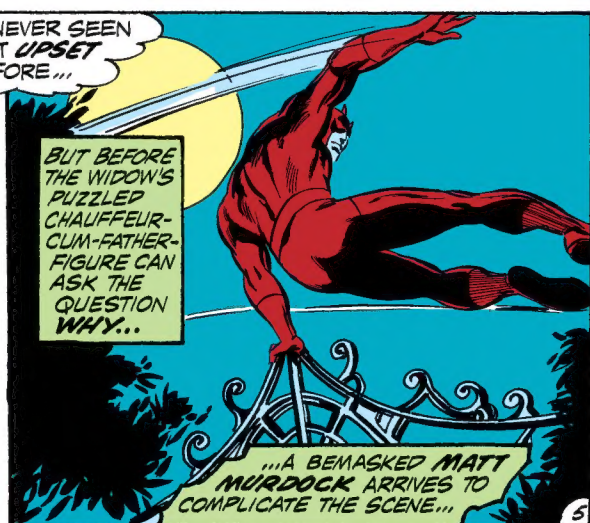
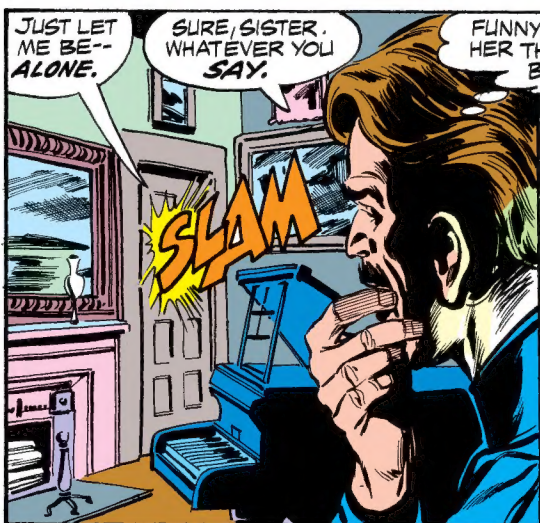
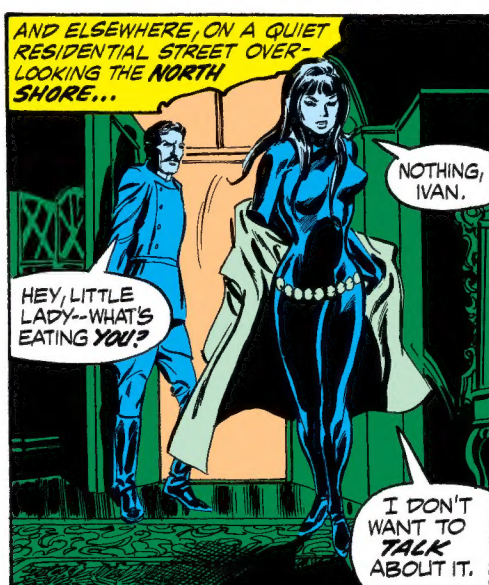
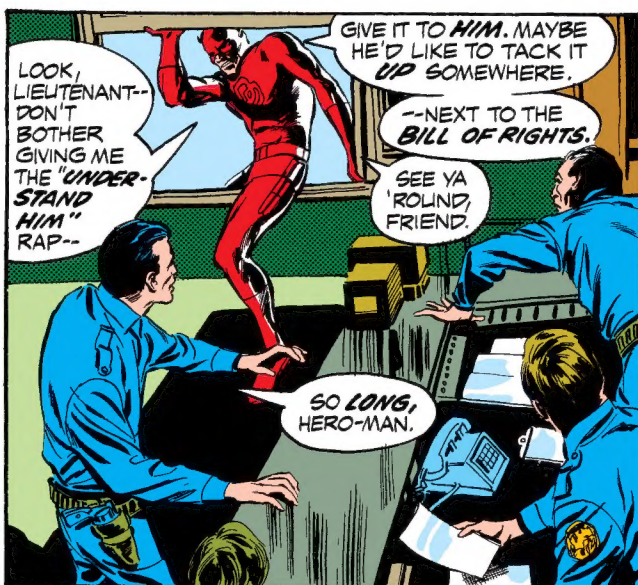


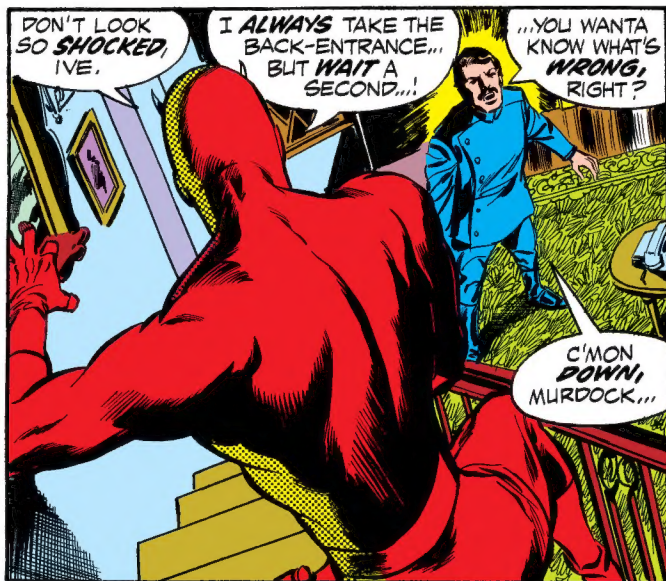
WHILE ELSEWHERE, IN THE HAZE-LADEN AIR OVER
DOWNTOWN **MARKET STREET**, A SCARLET FORM
SWINGS INTO VIEW, MUSCLES RELAXED AND
ALMOST **LIQUID--**

--THE TENSIONS OF
ANOTHER CITY JUST
BARELY FORGOTTEN,
THAT MONSTER KNOWN
AS **NEW YORK**
FOREVER LEFT
BEHIND--

--ABANDONED BY THE RADAR-SENSED
SWASHBUCKLER CALLED **DAREDEVIL--**
THE MAN WITHOUT **FEAR!**







DON'T LOOK SO **SHOCKED**, IVE.

I **ALWAYS** TAKE THE BACK-ENTRANCE... BUT **WAIT** A SECOND...

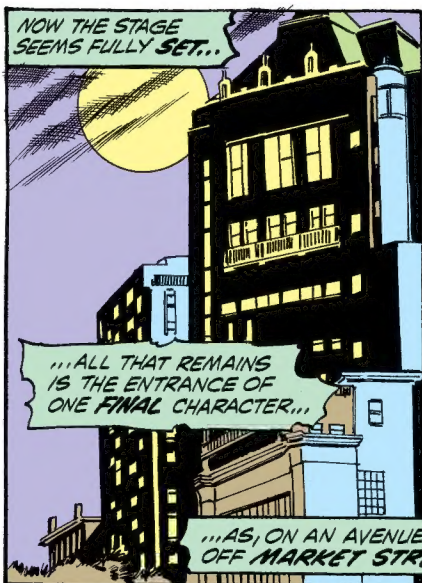
...YOU WANTA KNOW WHAT'S **WRONG**, RIGHT?

C'MON **DOWN**, MURDOCK...



...IT'S ABOUT TIME I **TOLD** YOU A FEW THINGS...

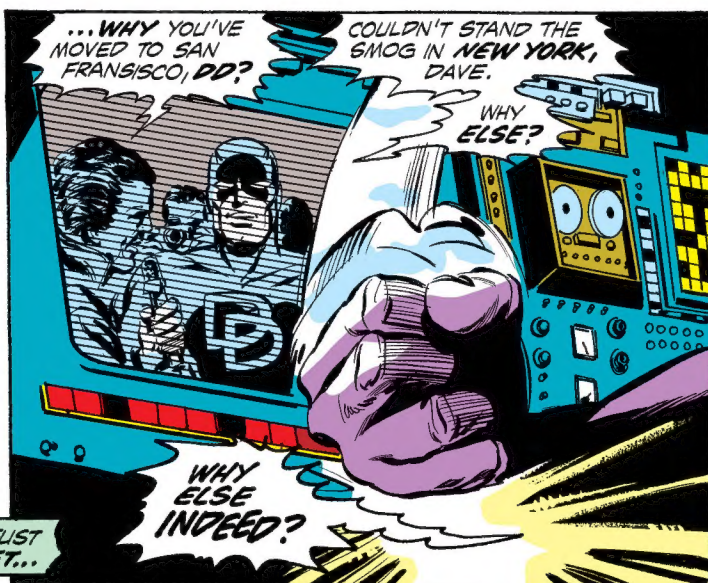
...ABOUT ME...AN' ABOUT **NATASHA**.



NOW THE STAGE SEEMS FULLY **SET**...

...ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE ENTRANCE OF ONE **FINAL** CHARACTER...

...AS, ON AN AVENUE JUST OFF MARKET STREET...



...**WHY** YOU'VE MOVED TO SAN FRANCISCO, **DD**?

COULDN'T STAND THE **SMOG** IN NEW YORK, DAVE.

WHY ELSE?

WHY ELSE INDEED?



AFTER ALL THESE YEARS-- THESE MONTHS OF CAREFUL **PLANNING**--

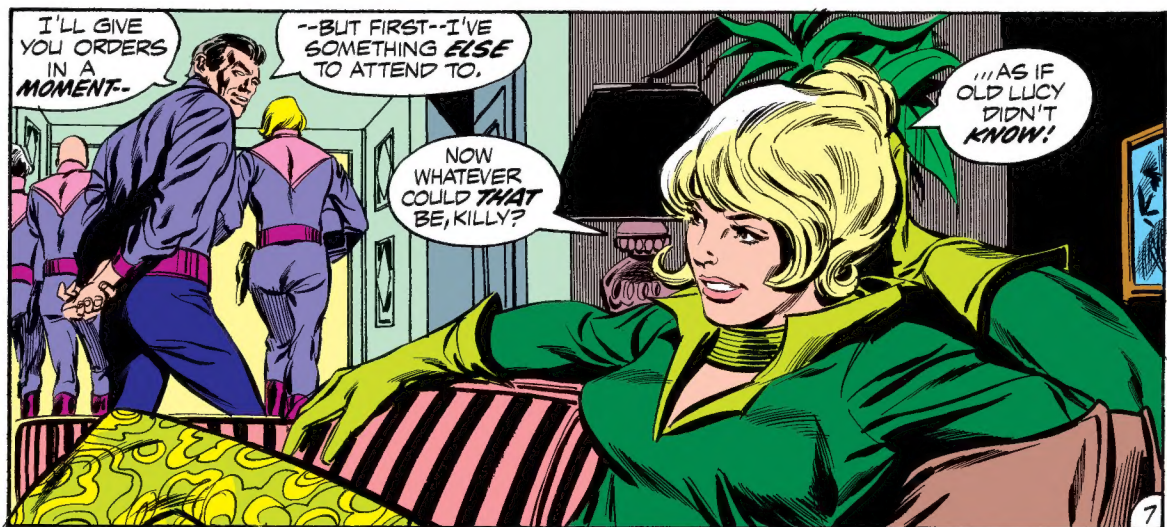
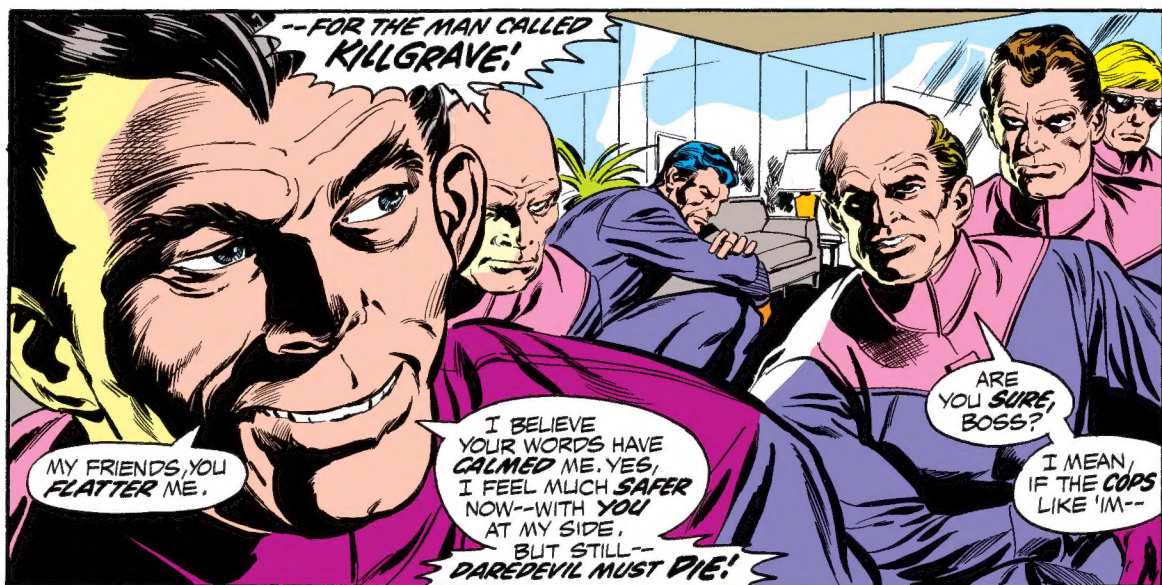
--**SOMEHOW**, HE'S **FOUND** OUT!

I **KNEW** I SHOULD HAVE HAD HIM KILLED **MONTHS** AGO!

AH, C'MON, **BOSS**...WHAT'S ONE COSTUMED **FREAK**?

YEH, SO **WHAT** IF HE'S HIT THE BAY AREA-- **WE** CAN TAKE HIM, RIGHT, **CHICO**?

OF **COURSE**, HOW CAN HE BE A **MATCH**--





I DON'T *GET* IT, CHICO--HOWCLIM WHEN KILLGRAVE TALKS TO US, IT ALL SEEMS COOL--

--BUT ONCE WE GET OUTTA THAT ROOM--!

SHADDUP, BERNIE.

ALL YOU GOTTA KNOW IS WE GOT A JOB TO DO--

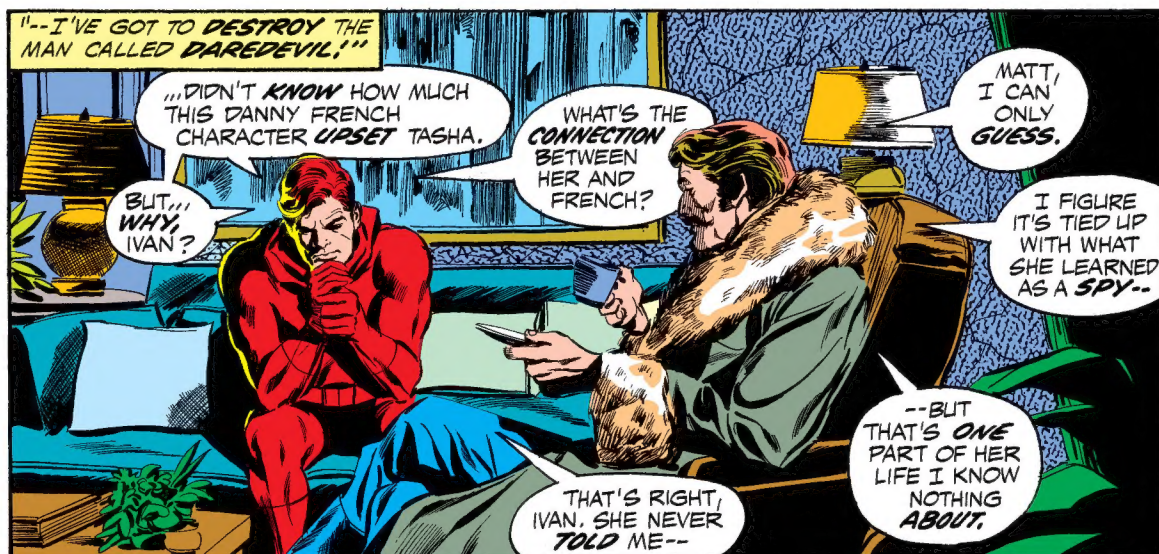
--AND MISTER, WE'RE GONNA DO IT!

...EASY, LUCY, I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR FUN...

THINGS WERE GOING PRETTY WELL-- TILL HE SHOWED UP.

WHATCHA GONNA DO, KILLY?

DO? BABY, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO--



"--I'VE GOT TO DESTROY THE MAN CALLED DAREDEVIL!"

...DIDN'T KNOW HOW MUCH THIS DANNY FRENCH CHARACTER UPSET TASHA.

BUT... WHY, IVAN?

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION BETWEEN HER AND FRENCH?

MATT, I CAN ONLY GUESS.

I FIGURE IT'S TIED UP WITH WHAT SHE LEARNED AS A SPY--

--BUT THAT'S ONE PART OF HER LIFE I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT.

THAT'S RIGHT, IVAN, SHE NEVER TOLD ME--



--HOW SHE AND I MET?

MAYBE SHE CAN'T REMEMBER, MURDOCK. SHE WAS ONLY A CHILD...

...AND IT WAS A TIME MOST OF THE WORLD WOULD LIKE TO FORGET.

WORLD WAR TWO: AT THE SIEGE OF STALINGRAD... THAT'S WHERE I FIRST FOUND THE LITTLE MADAME NATASHA ROMANOFF!

"IT WAS LATE **AUTUMN** OF 1942-- THE GERMANS HAD BEEN FIGHTING ON THE PERIPHERY OF THE CITY SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE **YEAR**-- AND WERE NOW ON THE VERGE-- OF **DESTROYING** IT--



"MANY OF US HAD ALREADY **LEFT**, JOINING THE SOVIET EMBANKMENT ON THE VOLGA RIVER-- BUT I STAYED TO THE **LAST**-- SEARCHING AIMLESSLY FOR A DEAD **SISTER** I KNEW I'D NEVER SEE **AGAIN**--

"MY FRIEND, THE VERY **SKY** SEEMED TO SEETHE WITH CRIMSON LIGHTNING-- THE AIR **POUNDING** WITH THE THROB OF MAN-MADE **THUNDER**-- FOR HOW MANY HOURS I HAD BEEN RUNNING THAT DAY, I **SWEAR** I MAY NEVER **KNOW**--



"BUT I RAN-- UNTIL I HEARD THE **CALL**-- A DISTANT CRY FOR HELP, BORNE ON THE SOOT-LADEN **WIND**--

"THEN, I SAW HER IN A SUDDEN CLEARING OF THE SMOKE-- A WOMAN NO OLDER THAN I, CLUTCHING A **YOUNG CHILD** AS SHE CALLED FROM HER **BURNING BALCONY**--



"I RUSHED FORWARD--

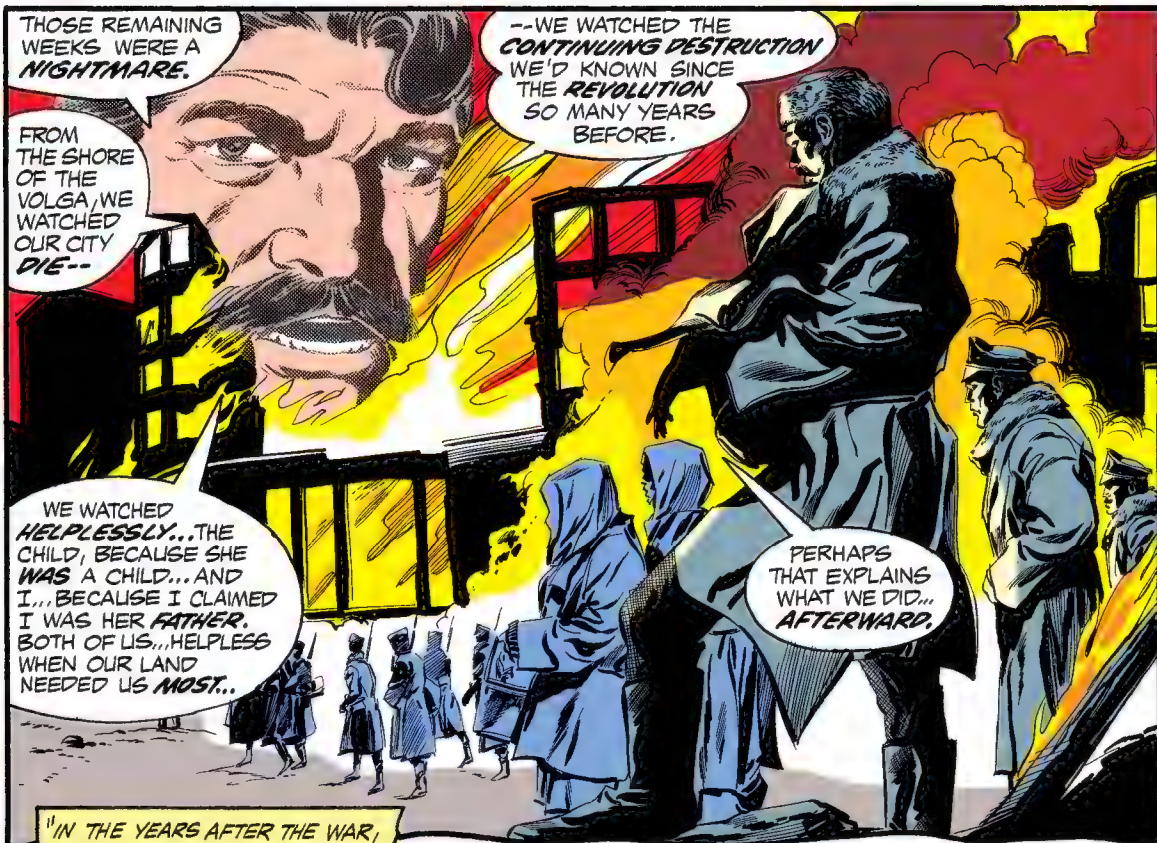


"--SHE DROPPED THE **CHILD** INTO MY **ARMS**--

"--AND IN THE **NEXT MOMENT**--



"ONE WOMAN'S **WORLD ENDED**-- AND A **YOUNG GIRL'S** **BEGAN**."



THOSE REMAINING WEEKS WERE A NIGHTMARE.

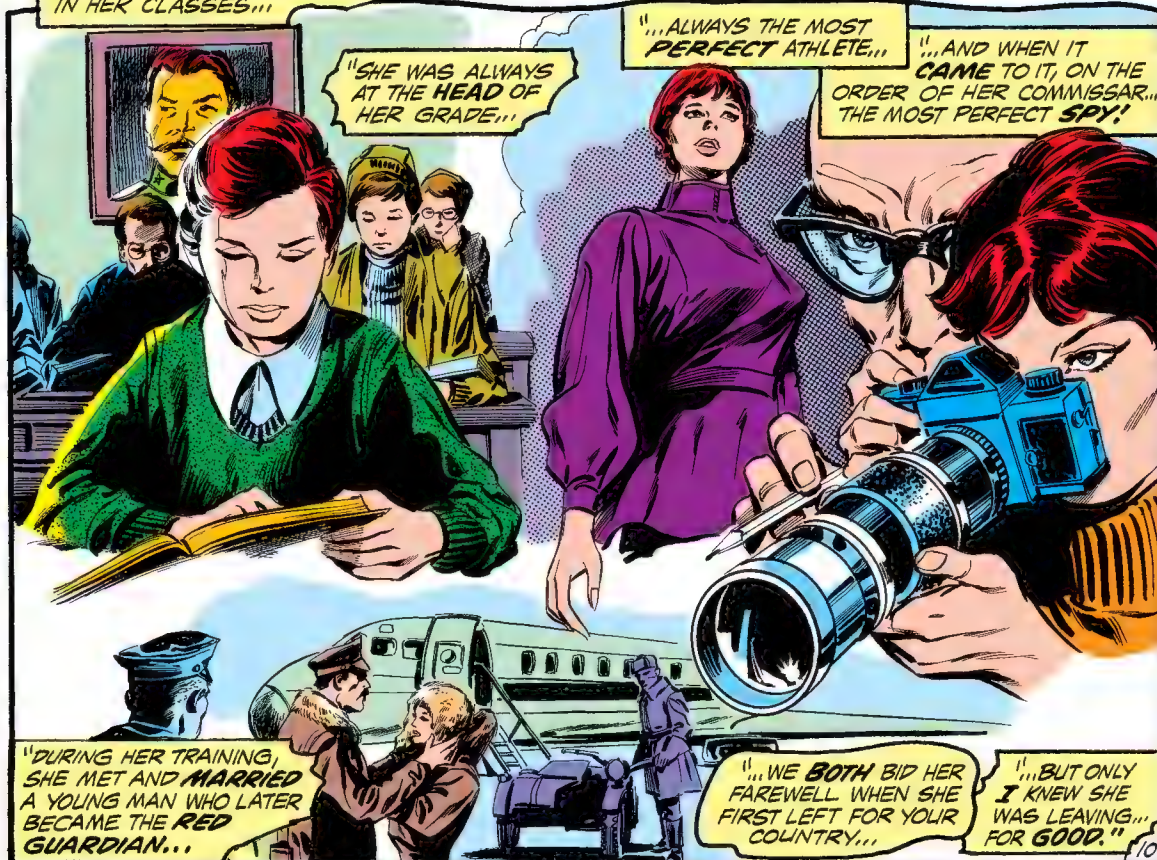
FROM THE SHORE OF THE VOLGA, WE WATCHED OUR CITY DIE--

--WE WATCHED THE CONTINUING DESTRUCTION WE'D KNOWN SINCE THE REVOLUTION SO MANY YEARS BEFORE.

WE WATCHED HELPLESSLY...THE CHILD, BECAUSE SHE WAS A CHILD...AND I...BECAUSE I CLAIMED I WAS HER FATHER. BOTH OF US...HELPLESS WHEN OUR LAND NEEDED US MOST...

PERHAPS THAT EXPLAINS WHAT WE DID... AFTERWARD.

"IN THE YEARS AFTER THE WAR, YOUNG NATASHA DID WELL IN HER CLASSES..."



"SHE WAS ALWAYS AT THE HEAD OF HER GRADE..."

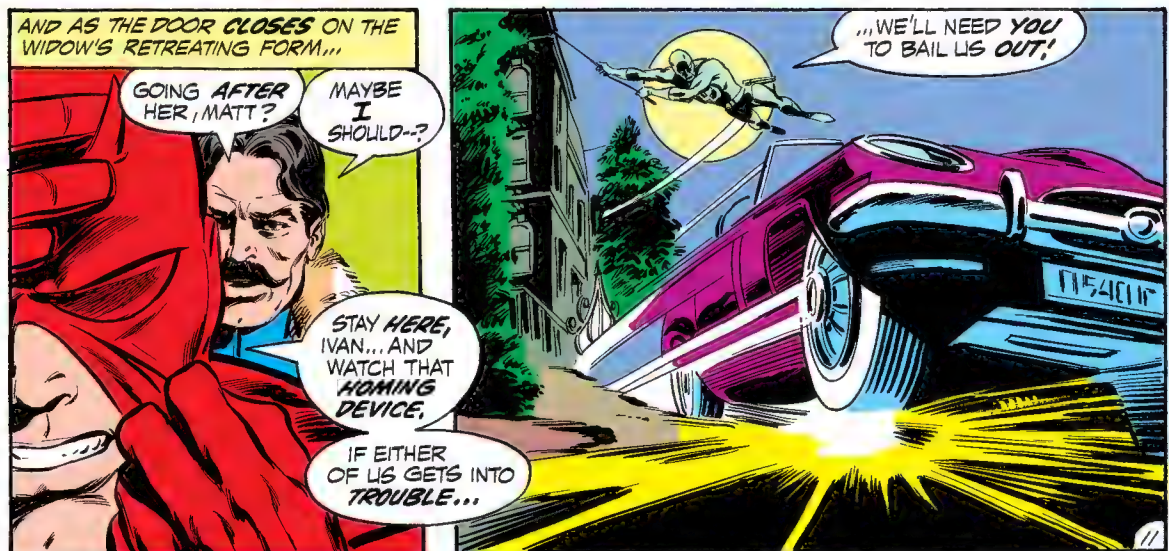
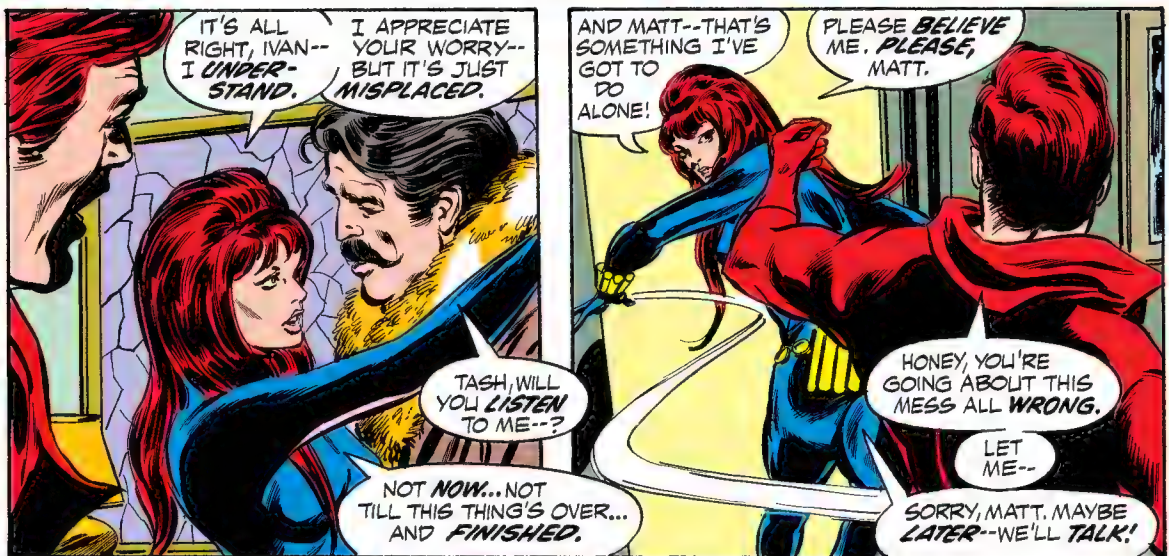
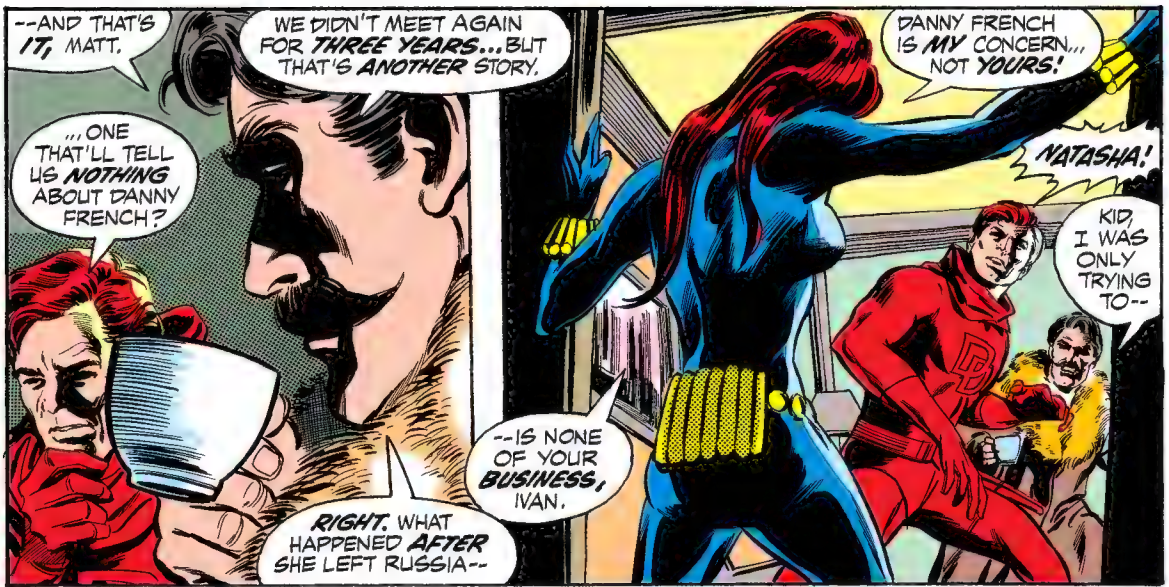
"...ALWAYS THE MOST PERFECT ATHLETE..."

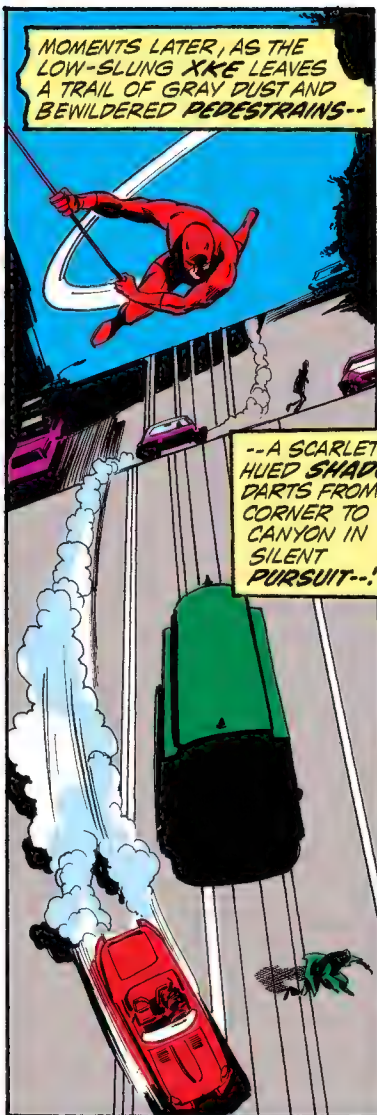
"...AND WHEN IT CAME TO IT, ON THE ORDER OF HER COMMISSAR... THE MOST PERFECT SPY!"

"DURING HER TRAINING, SHE MET AND MARRIED A YOUNG MAN WHO LATER BECAME THE RED GUARDIAN..."

"...WE BOTH BID HER FAREWELL WHEN SHE FIRST LEFT FOR YOUR COUNTRY..."

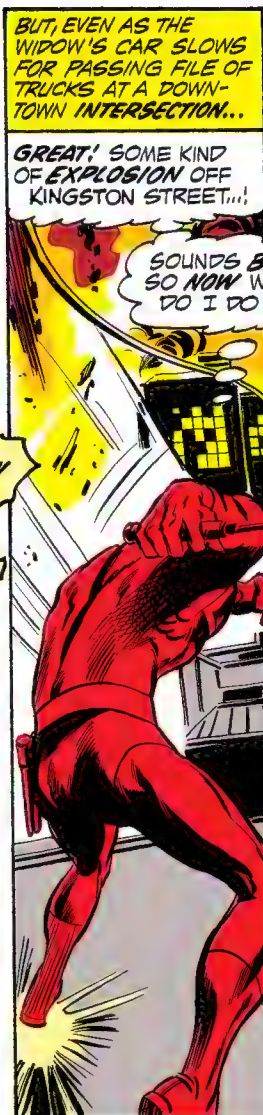
"...BUT ONLY I KNEW SHE WAS LEAVING... FOR GOOD."





MOMENTS LATER, AS THE LOW-SLUNG **XKE** LEAVES A TRAIL OF GRAY DUST AND BEWILDERED **PEDESTRIANS**--

--A **SCARLET-HUED SHADOW** DARTS FROM CORNER TO CANYON IN SILENT PURSUIT--!



BUT, EVEN AS THE WIDOW'S CAR SLOWS FOR PASSING FILE OF TRUCKS AT A DOWNTOWN INTERSECTION...

GREAT! SOME KIND OF **EXPLOSION** OFF KINGSTON STREET...

SOUNDS **BAD**... SO NOW WHAT DO I DO?



THIS PAST WEEK, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO MAKE SOME SORT OF **POINT** ABOUT MY BEING IN 'FRISCO--

--TRYING TO **INVOLVE** MYSELF IN THE CITY, IN ITS **PEOPLE**--EVEN **AGAINST** O'HARA'S RATHER REPETITIOUS WARNINGS--!

IF SOMETHING LIKE **THIS** HAPPENS, AND I DON'T SHOW--EVEN TO MAKE A **TOKEN** EFFORT AT HELPING--

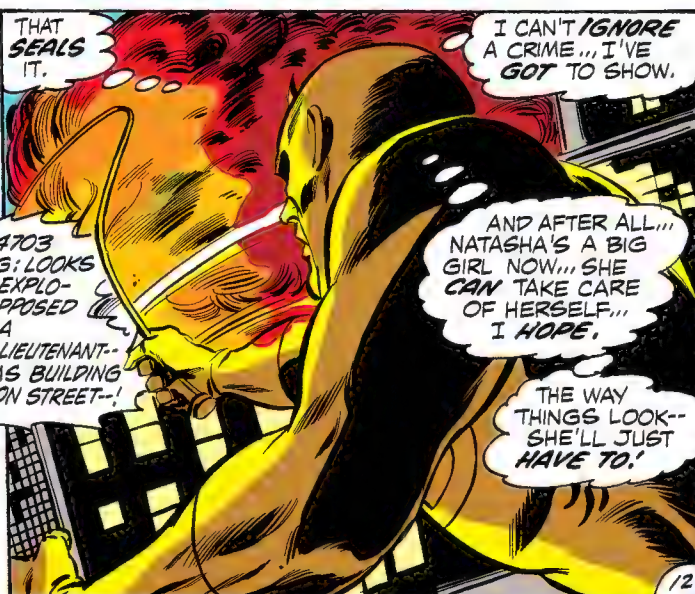
--DAREDEVIL'S NAME WILL BE **MUD!**



AT **ANY** RATE, IT'S A CHANCE TO SEE IF THIS NEW **RADIO** RECEIVER I INSTALLED WORKS--

--AND NATURALLY--IT **DOES**.

--CAR 4703 REPORTING: LOOKS LIKE THAT **EXPLOSION**'S SUPPOSED TO COVER A **ROBBERY**, LIEUTENANT--THE WILLIAMS BUILDING OFF KINGSTON STREET--!



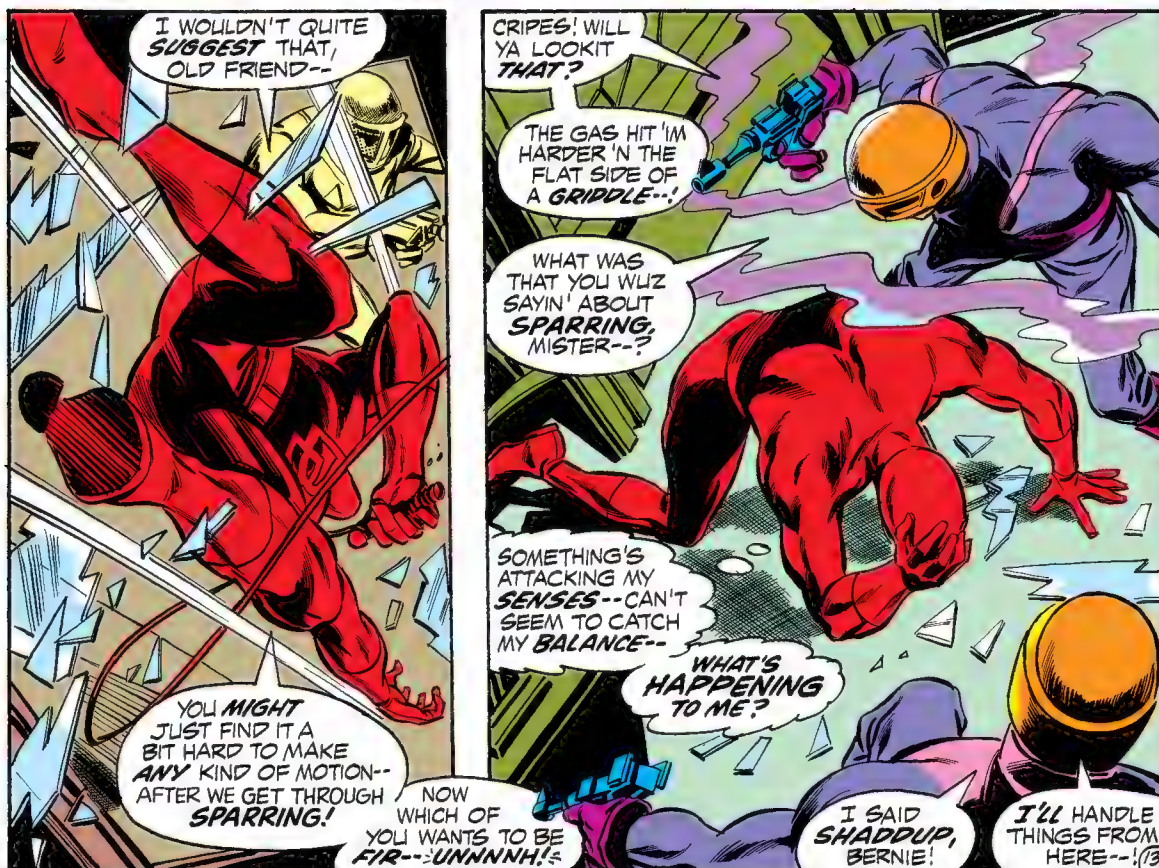
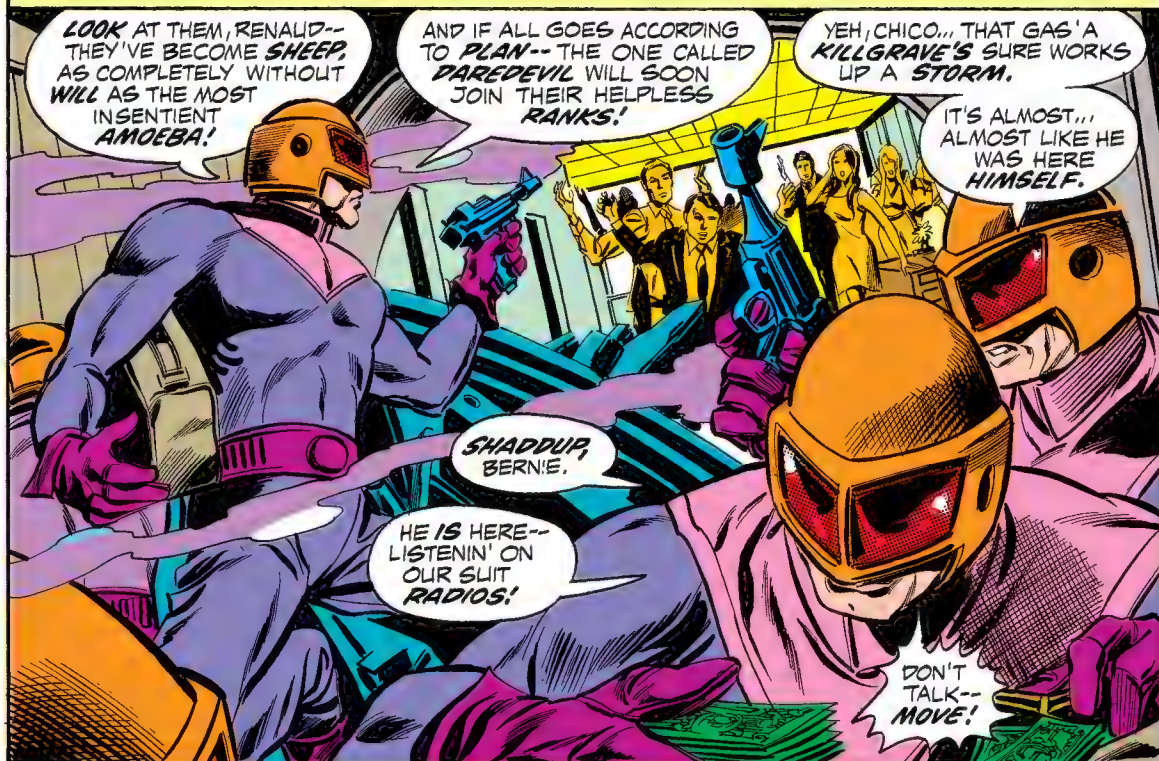
THAT **SEALS** IT.

I CAN'T **IGNORE** A CRIME... I'VE GOT TO SHOW.

AND AFTER ALL... NATASHA'S A BIG GIRL NOW... SHE **CAN** TAKE CARE OF HERSELF... I **HOP**E.

THE WAY THINGS LOOK--SHE'LL JUST **HAVE** TO.

AND, IN THE SMOKING CONFINES OF THE BOMB-SHAKEN WILLIAMS BUILDING, A QUARTET OF GRIM FIGURES MOVE THROUGH A GROWING PURPLE MIST--THEIR MOTIONS PECULIARLY SELF-ASSURED, THE GRIM LAUGHTER ECHOING FROM THEIR FACE-PLATES STARK IN ITS COLD AND TOTAL MOCKERY--!



SLOWLY, FEELING THE ENERGY **DRAIN** FROM HIS KNEES AND CALVES, HE STUMBLES, RISES TO HIS FEET--!



THAT GAS-- SOMEHOW, IT'S **DISRUPTING** MY NERVOUS SYSTEM--

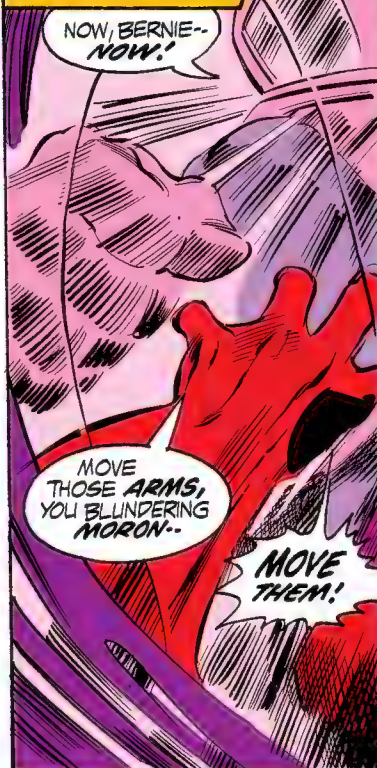
-- SHORT-CIRCUITING MY **COORDINATION!**

AS THOUGH THROUGH A HEAVY **VEIL**, HE "SEES" AN ABRUPT MOVEMENT IN THE SHADOW-CLOUDED **RADAR-DARKNESS** BEFORE HIM--



--PAINFULLY HE TRIES TO **TWIST SIDWAYS--**

--AND MEETS THE **SUDDEN ONSLAUGHT** OF A DOZEN **FISTS!**



NOW, **BERNIE-- NOW!**

MOVE THOSE **ARMS**, YOU **BLINDERING MORON--**

MOVE THEM!

AND ELSEWHERE, **SHORT BLOCKS** AWAY...

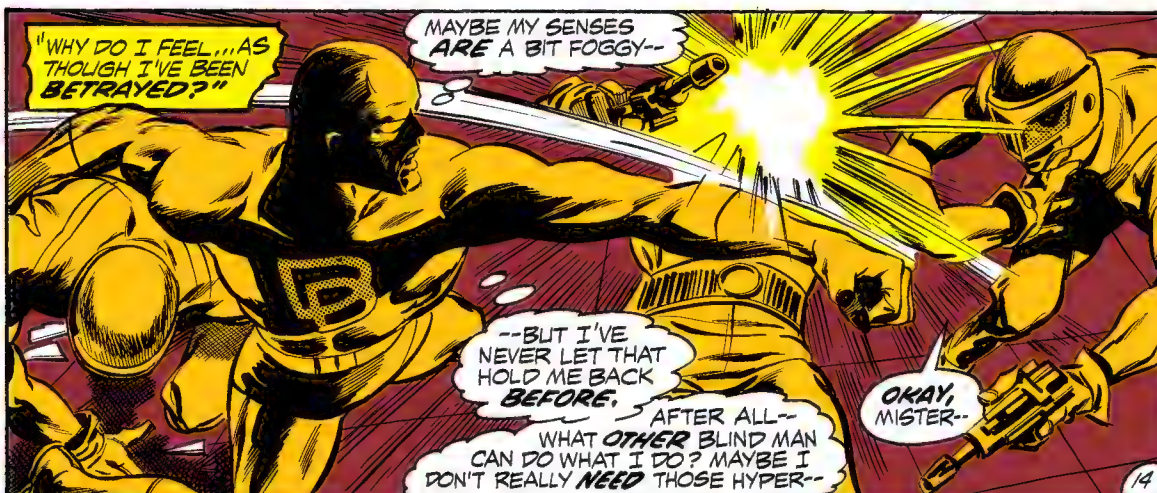


STRANGE...I WOULD HAVE **SWORN** MATT WAS **TRAILING** ME...BUT NOW HE'S **GONE**.

I...WANTED IT THIS WAY, DIDN'T I? TO **FIGHT ALONE--?**

THEN WHY... DO I FEEL **DESERTED?**

"WHY DO I FEEL...AS THOUGH I'VE BEEN **BETRAYED?**"

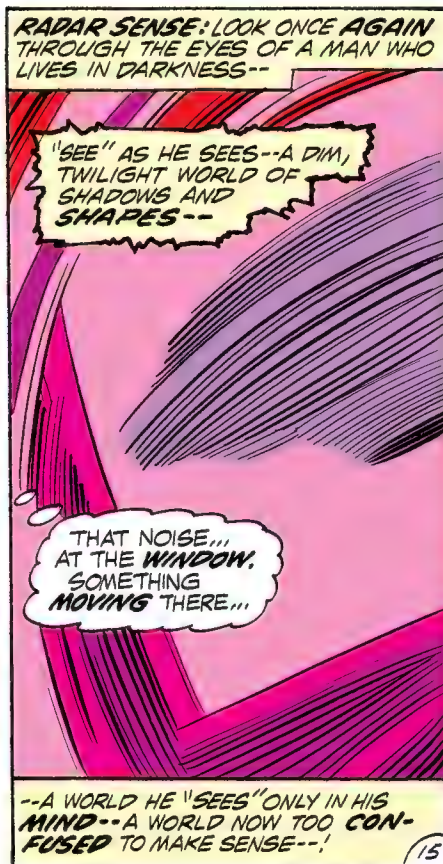
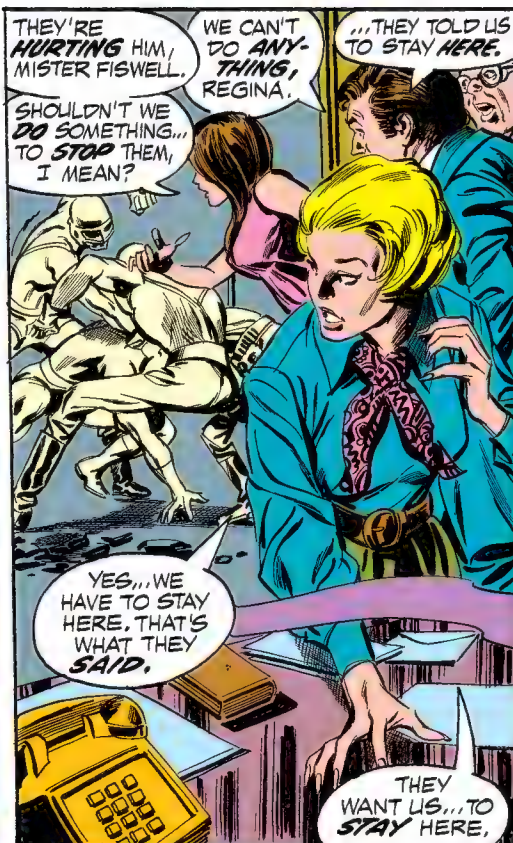
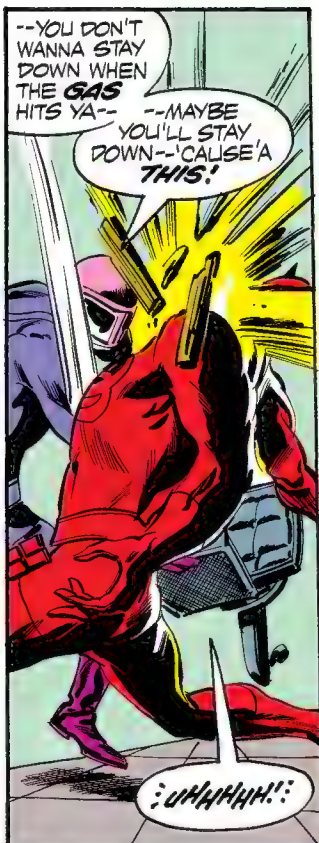


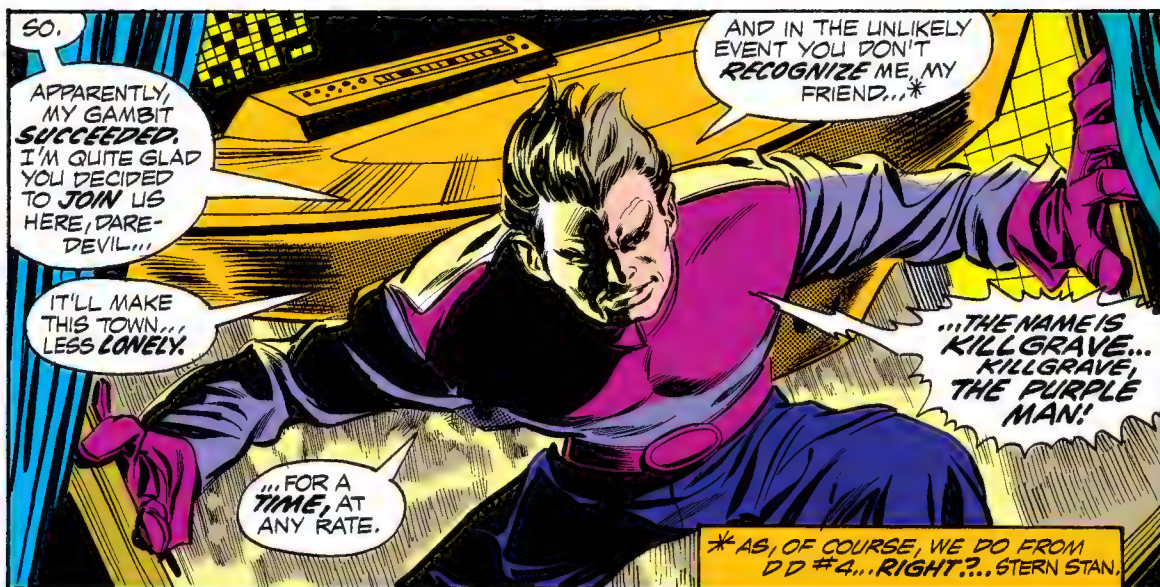
MAYBE MY SENSES ARE A BIT **FOGGY--**

--BUT I'VE NEVER LET THAT HOLD ME BACK **BEFORE.**

AFTER ALL-- WHAT **OTHER BLIND** MAN CAN DO WHAT I DO? MAYBE I DON'T REALLY **NEED** THOSE **HYPER--**

OKAY, **MISTER--**





SO.

APPARENTLY,
MY GAMBIT
SUCCEEDED.
I'M QUITE GLAD
YOU DECIDED
TO JOIN US
HERE, DARE-
DEVIL...

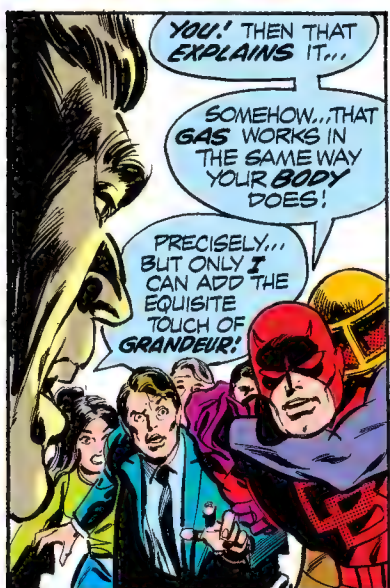
IT'LL MAKE
THIS TOWN...
LESS LONELY.

...FOR A
TIME, AT
ANY RATE.

AND IN THE UNLIKELY
EVENT YOU DON'T
RECOGNIZE ME, MY
FRIEND...*

...THE NAME IS
KILL GRAVE...
KILL GRAVE,
THE PURPLE
MAN!

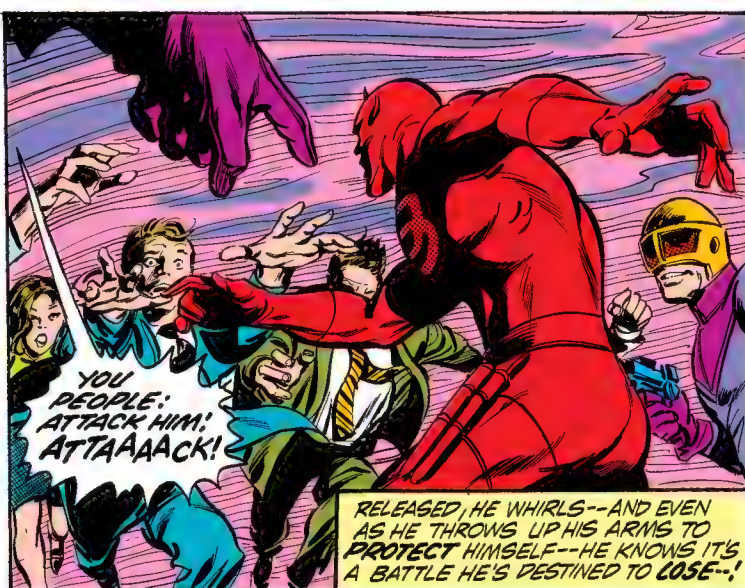
*AS, OF COURSE, WE DO FROM
D D #4... RIGHT?... STERN STAN.



YOU! THEN THAT
EXPLAINS IT...

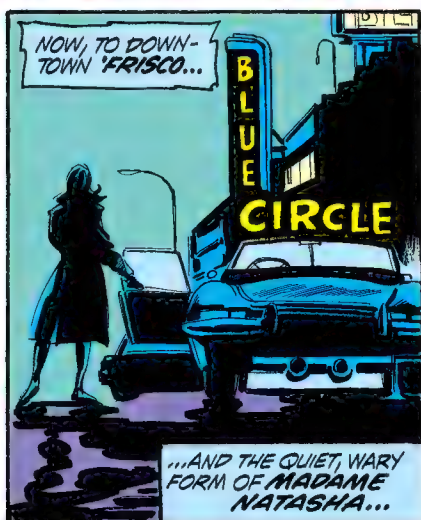
SOMEHOW... THAT
GAS WORKS IN
THE SAME WAY
YOUR BODY
DOES!

PRECISELY...
BUT ONLY I
CAN ADD THE
EQUISITE
TOUCH OF
GRANDEUR!



YOU
PEOPLE:
ATTACK HIM!
ATTAAAAACK!

RELEASED, HE WHIRLS-- AND EVEN
AS HE THROWS UP HIS ARMS TO
PROTECT HIMSELF-- HE KNOWS IT'S
A BATTLE HE'S DESTINED TO LOSE--!



NOW, TO DOWN-
TOWN 'FRISCO...

BLUE
CIRCLE

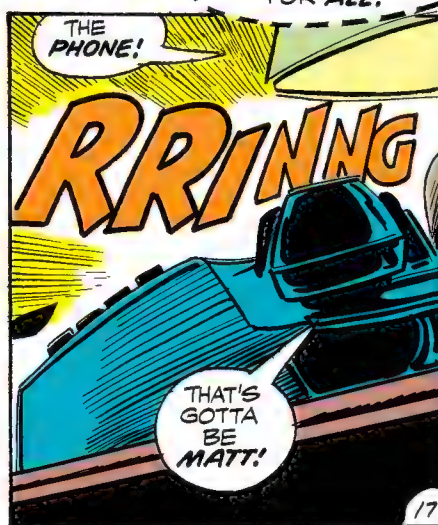
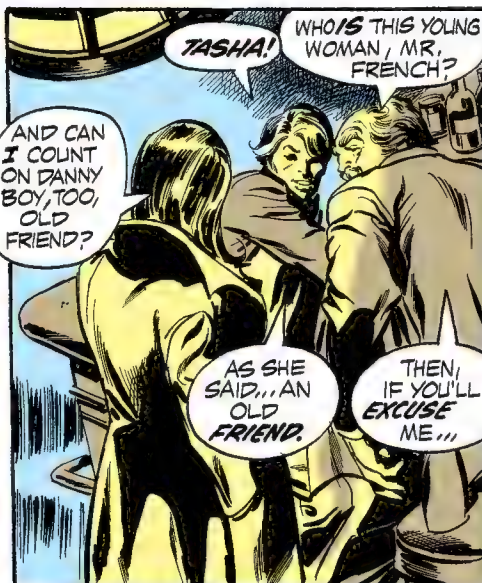
...AND THE QUIET, WARY
FORM OF MADAME
NATASHA...



...AS SHE ENTERS A SMOKEY,
ILL-LIT NIGHTCLUB, FOLLOWING
THE LAST OF A SERIES OF
WELL-PLACED LEADS...

IT'S
HIM...

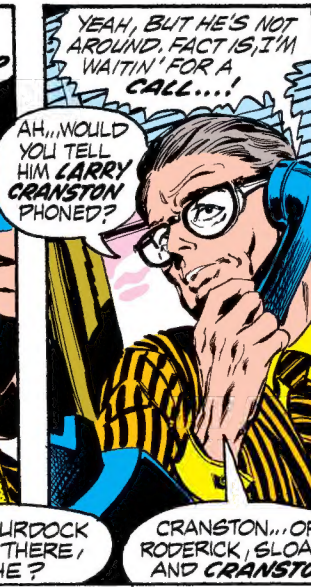
...DANNY
FRENCH!





MURDOCK, IS THAT YOU? WHERE IN--

AH--*EXCUSE* ME, HAVE I GOT THIS NUMBER *CORRECT*?



YEAH, BUT HE'S NOT AROUND. FACT IS, I'M WAITIN' FOR A *CALL*....!

AH...WOULD YOU TELL HIM *LARRY CRANSTON* PHONED?

MATTHEW MURDOCK *DOES* RESIDE THERE, DOESN'T HE?

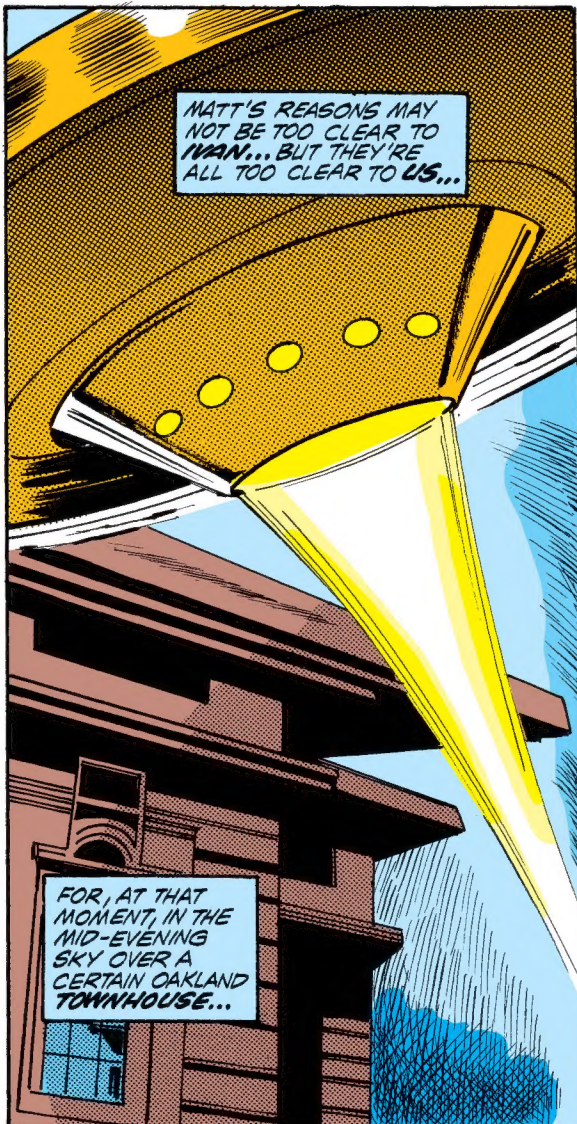
CRANSTON...OF RODERICK, SLOAN... AND *CRANSTON*?



THAT *CUTS* IT.

MAYBE MURDOCK'S GOT A *REASON* FOR NOT GETTIN' IN TOUCH...

...IN *WHICH* CASE, HE'S GONNA HAVE TO EXPLAIN IT...*IN PERSON*!



MATT'S REASONS MAY NOT BE TOO CLEAR TO *IVAN*... BUT THEY'RE ALL TOO CLEAR TO *US*...

FOR, AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE MID-EVENING SKY OVER A CERTAIN OAKLAND TOWNHOUSE...



THOSE OFFICE-FOLKS SURE DID A *JOB* ON FANCY-PANTS HERE,

SHADDUP, BERNIE.

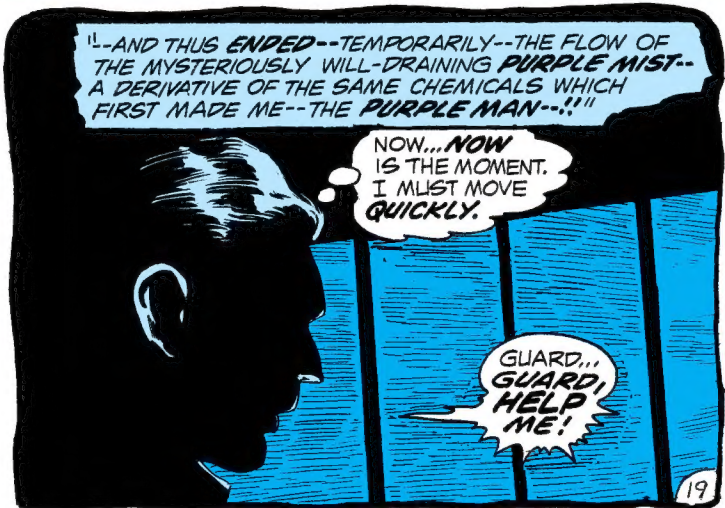
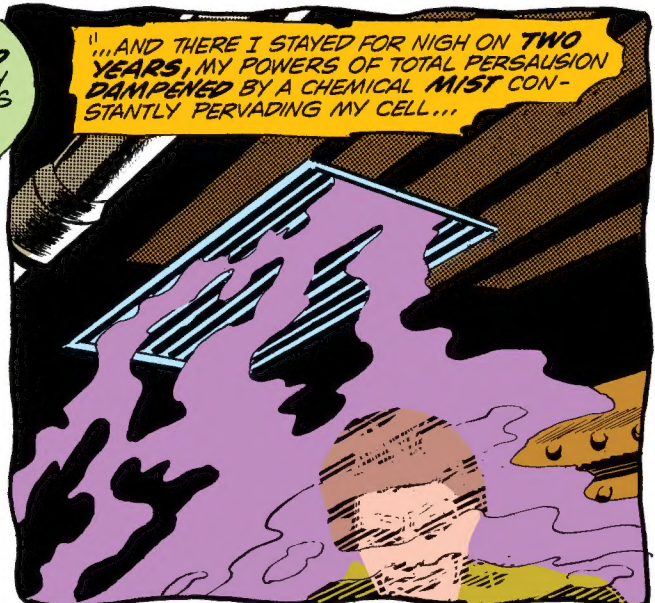
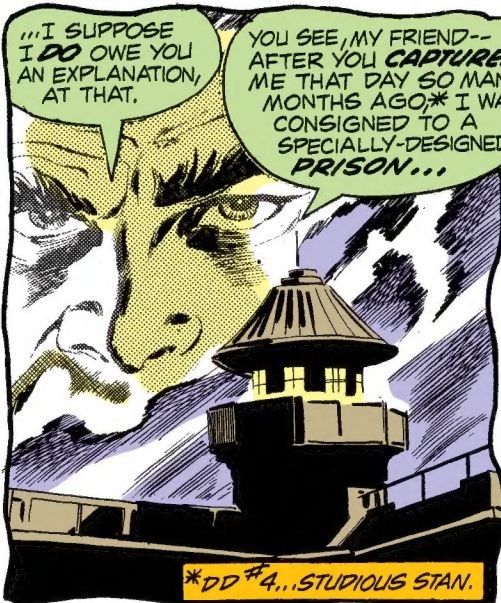
WHEN THOSE STRAIGHTS GET THEIR HAIR UP--THERE'S NO *STOPPIN'* THEM, IS THERE?

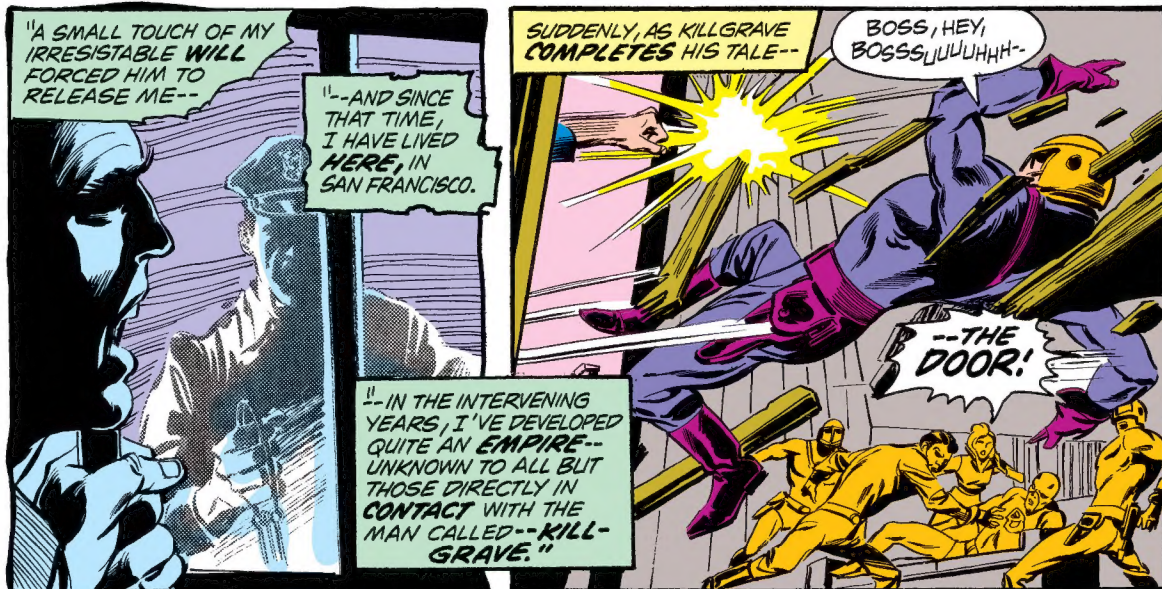
I'M AFRAID OUR LOQUACIOUS FRIEND BERNARD HAS A *POINT, CHICO.*

IT WAS ALL I COULD *DO* TO KEEP THOSE PEOPLE FROM TEARING DAREDEVIL TO RIBBONS ONCE I ORDERED THEM TO *ATTACK*!

PERHAPS MY POWERS OF TOTAL *COMMAND* HAVE *GROWN* IN THESE INTERVENING YEARS...

...OR PERHAPS PEOPLE HAVE GROWN SUBCONSCIOUSLY MORE *VICIOUS*!



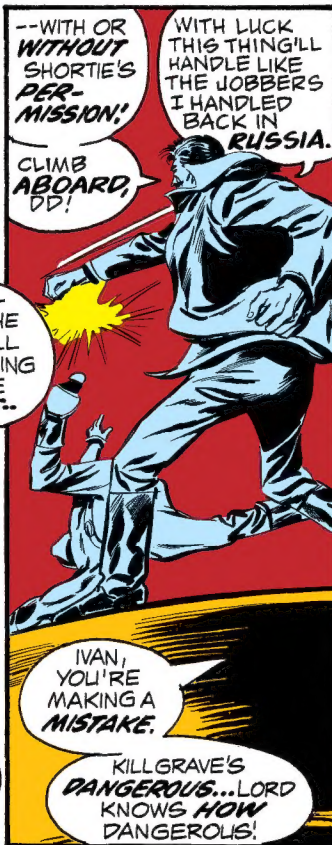




YEH? **TELL** ME ABOUT IT SOMETIME, D.D.

MEANTIME-- I'LL MAKE THE DECISIONS TILL YOU'RE FEELING MORE LIKE **YOURSELF**--

--AND DECISION **ONE** MEANS COPPING THIS **HOVER-CRAFT**--

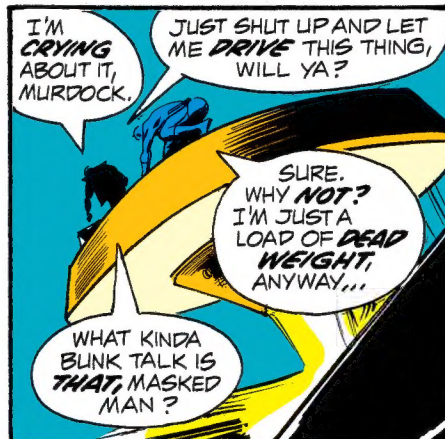


--WITH OR **WITHOUT** SHORTIE'S **PER-MISSION!** CLIMB **ABOARD**, D.D!

WITH LUCK THIS THING'LL HANDLE LIKE THE JOBBERS I HANDLED BACK IN **RUSSIA**.

IVAN, YOU'RE MAKING A **MISTAKE**.

KILLGRAVE'S **DANGEROUS...LORD** KNOWS **HOW DANGEROUS!**



I'M **CRYING** ABOUT IT, MURDOCK.

JUST SHUT UP AND LET ME **DRIVE** THIS THING, WILL YA?

SURE. WHY **NOT?** I'M JUST A **LOAD OF DEAD WEIGHT**, ANYWAY...

WHAT KINDA **BUNK TALK** IS **THAT**, MASKED MAN?



IT'S THE **TRUTH**, IVAN. I MIGHT AS WELL **FACE** IT...

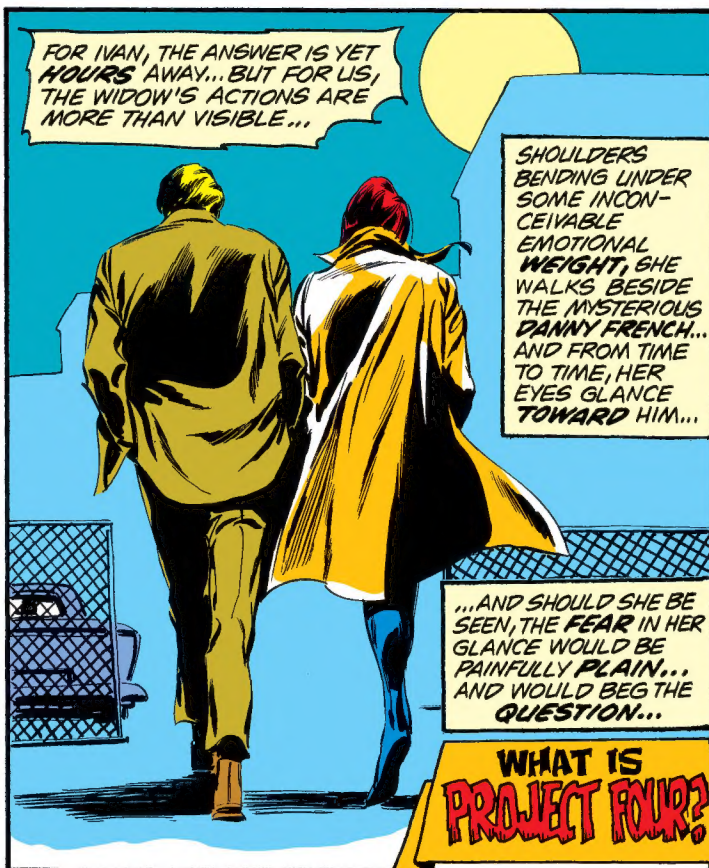
FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE VERY **FIRST** TIME... I **FAILED** BACK THERE.

YOU **UNDERSTAND** THAT, IVE? THE MAN **WITHOUT** FEAR... **BLEW** IT!



EYEBROW RAISED, IVAN STARES BACK AT THE MOROSE MATT MURDOCK, ONLY **NOW** REALIZING THAT PERHAPS HE **HAS** MADE AN ERROR...

...BUT THEN HIS THOUGHTS TURN **ELSEWHERE**, TO THE WOMAN KNOWN AS **MADAME NATASHA** ...AND HE WONDERS, "WHERE IS SHE...WHAT IS SHE **DOING?**"



FOR IVAN, THE ANSWER IS YET **HOURS** AWAY... BUT FOR US, THE WIDOW'S ACTIONS ARE MORE THAN **VISIBLE**...

SHOULDERS BENDING UNDER SOME INCONCEIVABLE **EMOTIONAL WEIGHT**, SHE WALKS BESIDE THE MYSTERIOUS **DANNY FRENCH**... AND FROM TIME TO TIME, HER EYES GLANCE **TOWARD** HIM...

...AND SHOULD SHE BE SEEN, THE **FEAR** IN HER GLANCE WOULD BE **PAINFULLY PLAIN**... AND WOULD BEG THE **QUESTION**...

WHAT IS **PROJECT FOUR?**